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One stole himself away, and then there were nine;
Nine little carpet-baggers walking very straight,
One went crooked, and then there were eight;
Eight little carpet-baggers not on the way to heaven,
Another State went Democratic, then there were seven;
Seven little carpet-baggers cutting up their tricks,
One disappeared at night, then there were six;
Six little carpet-baggers stealing—sakes alive!
One got caught, and then there were five;
Five little carpet-baggers at the Senate door,
One was admitted, and then there were four;
Four little carpet-baggers now are all you see—
A habeas corpus captured one, then there were three;
Three little carpet-baggers looking rather blue,
One joined the Democrats, then there were two;
Two little carpet-baggers having lots o' fun,
The Vice President's casting vote left only one;
One little carpet-bagger sending up a wail
'Cause the Sheriff came along and took him off to jail. —*Phila. Times.*

THE ROME OF JAPAN.

THE MOST FAMOUS CITY IN THE JAPANESE EMPIRE—DESCRIPTION OF A TEMPLE WITH ITS THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE IDOLS.

[Letter to Chicago Tribune.]

* * * After an hour's ride from the Seaport Hiogo, by rail, we reach Osaka, a very ancient city of over 600,000 people, and lying at the head of Osaka Bay. It is the centre of a vast commerce by steamer and junks of the smaller class, a large sandbar spoiling the harbor for large vessels. Aside from the Government Mint located here, and said to be one of the largest in the world, and a few dilapidated old temples, so old that even the Japanese do not know who built them, nothing of special interest is to be seen. The Governor's castle, over a mile in circumference, and strongly fortified, overlooks the northeastern portion of the city. Thence the road sweeps round a spur of the mountain, and on through the same rich valley, and in one hour more we roll into the fine station and alight in the sacred city of Japan, the Rome of the Empire, where for a thousand years the Mikados, the spiritual Emperors of the nation, held their court. Like Jerusalem of old, Kyoto is "a city altogether lovely." Few travelers have seen it, and probably no other city in the world so combines in its parks and palaces the beauties of both city and country. Its hundred hills are covered with sacred groves, pagodas, temples, and convents, while lovely parks and pleasure grounds greet the eye on every side. True, they are fast going to decay, yet as they are

BEAUTIFUL EVEN IN THEIR DECLINE,

what must the city have been in the zenith of its glory! The main portion of the city lies in a fertile plain, bounded by chains of hills ever green, and behind which lies the finest view in Japan—so say the Japanese themselves. A dozen rivers flow into it, and from it rises the Yodo-gana, which runs to the south of Kyoto, and thence into the inland sea. Two branches of this river flow directly beneath the walls of Kyoto, on the east and west, thus completely surrounding it with a net work of running water, which is utilized in forming canals in all directions through the city, and supplying the tanks and fish-ponds in the temples and Imperial parks. The temples of the city are almost counties, each has its crowd of worshipers, who are there at all hours of the day and night, and with respectful curiosity at the still novel sight of a foreigner among them. Scarcely a score of travelers have seen Kyoto: we first visited

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF MARO.

Here is seen the largest bell in the world, hanging in a tower on the hill, and as perfect in tone as the day it was suspended. By measurement it exceeds the great bells at Peking, China, and at Russia, both of which are also said to be cracked. Where the bell was cast and by whom is lost in the shades of antiquity. Chinese and Sanscrit characters cover the entire surface of the bell, but no modern Japanese scholar or priest can translate them. This bell is twenty-four feet in height and sixteen inches thick at the rim, and, when the priests sound it at 8 o'clock every evening, its majestic boom! boom! is heard many miles down the valley. None of the bells in Japan have "clappers," but are sounded by suspended levers of wood, used like a battering-ram, and striking the bell on the outside. Next we saw the great Temple of Lingmoto, whose grounds, and gateways, and bronze house where the priests reside cover one square mile of ground. Here was a great throng of worshipers, though the hour was early. At the entrance was a magnificent bronze ox, life size, which has some sacred qualities in the eyes of the Japanese particularly curing diseases. The faithful believe that if they pass the hand over any portion of the image, and immediately rub the corresponding part of their own body, it will be forever protected from disease. A crowd is always going through this ceremony, and the ox is worn bright in every part from this.

CONSTANT DRAIN ON HIS HEALING VIRTUES.

The idol behind the shrine, though small, was richly-gilded, and a score of priests were going through a ceremony and chanting prayers. A small fee to one of them admitted us to their private apartments in a separate building, where the 700 priests attached to this temple live. Every room was carpeted with a fine carpet of foreign manufacture, and the dividing screens were richly-gilded. The temple itself had a lofty and beautifully inlaid ceiling. The pleasure-grounds about the buildings are exquisite, shady walks and miniature lakes full of beautiful fish, and spanned by bridges of costly-carved stone-work, make a delightful retreat for the weary soul. The Darwinian theory was doubtless familiar to the Japanese 500 years ago, for on the carved door of this temple was wrought in wood and bronze a scene showing first a monkey, then an ape, then a gorilla, and so on up, until by gradual development the last figure was a perfect man, surrounded by elephants and curious birds. These doors were carved and erected over 500 years ago; from what source did the workman get the subject of his work? From here we went to the Temple of the Thirty-Three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-Three Gods,—this being the exact number of idols it contains. One thousand of these idols are life-size, and hold the other small ones on their hands. They stand in serried ranks, like a brigade of soldiers on drill. They are every one, large and small, richly gilded with gold, and as the sliding-doors of the vast temple were thrown back, and the sunlight poured in upon the scene, and its rays flashed back from the thousands of golden gods, there was presented

A SCENE OF DAZZLING SPLENDOR

well calculated to strike the beholder with awe. There is no other temple in the world that can produce such a sight and I long for the advent of some cool-headed expert who will calculate the cost in dollars and cents of this magnificent Buddhist Temple and its gods. The jealous priests would allow no measurement, but I roughly estimate the building at 600 to 700 feet square. Near here we saw the great idol Dia Butza, over 60 feet high and richly gilded. It is simply a head and shoulders. The features, like every idol seen so far in Japan, wear an expression of the utmost rest and quiet happiness. The present image is said to be but the model of the head and shoulders of the original, of bronze, which stood 160 feet high, but was thrown down by an earthquake hundreds of years ago. By the side of the idol lies a colossal bell, fully as large as the one just mentioned, but for 600 years my guide said it had lain there unused and neglected. In front of this temple is a wall built of immense stones, some of them 40 feet long, 18 feet high, and 30 feet thick as they lie in the wall. What power of the present day can hew and convey from the mountain quarries such tremendous stones! These two temples I have described so briefly are the principal ones in the city. To give an idea of how impossible in even a volume the magnificence of Kyoto's places of worship, the records of the city show that at one time the *Shinto* faith,

THE OFFICIAL RELIGION OF JAPAN,

had in Kyoto and suburbs 2,127 temples, while the Buddhist religion had in its different sects no less than 8,803 temples, pagodas, or chapels. Truly, this ancient city is to Europeans as yet an unexplored country, and, as I contemplate this vast array of costly buildings, now fast going to to decay, I believe it is a city that can challenge the world to produce its equal.

After the temples, we visited the famous porcelain factories and silk-weaving establishments, where the richest brocades are made. Next we saw the imperial palaces, which the people regard with sacred veneration. They are inclosed in a high wall, and occupy the northeastern portion of the city. Long lines of trees of great size and height, towering above the glittering roofs, give a vague idea of the extent and tranquility of the parks, in whose recesses the imperial dwellings hide themselves from profane gaze and the noise of the city. Here dwelt for over a thousand years the Pontifical Sovereign of Japan. Claiming direct descent from Heaven, he was sacred and invisible, and only women surrounded his person. They dressed him and fed him, attiring him every day in a new costume, and serving his meals in vessels which each day came fresh from the maker's hands. His sacred feet never touched the ground; his face was never seen by profane eyes. Such was the Mikado up to 1868 at Kyoto. What a change in nine years! The other day at Yeddo I saw him on his horse reviewing the victorious army returning from the scene of the late rebellion. He now mingles freely with the people, opens new railroads, and sails in his private steamer. Truly those who wish to see any traces of old Japan must hasten to its shores.

AN OLD LOVE.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF AN OLD PROFESSOR.

A recent article by Robert Collyer on "Remembrance" brings to the mind of the Bangor *Commercial* an instance of a character similar to some there related, which, although known to few, has never yet found its way into the prints. As the parties have now passed over to the other side, there may be no impropriety in relating it. The *Commercial* calls no names but its story apparently relates to Professor Thomas C. Upham of Bowdoin College:

In the early part of the present century, up among the hills of New Hampshire, a young collegiate of remarkable attainments and promise formed an attachment for a young lady of much beauty and worth.—Timid and retiring, as he was through his long life, he never made known his love.—She, however, was not unaware of his unexpressed attachment. Time, and events separated them. Like the subjects of Whittier's beautiful poem, "Maude Muller," each married another. Subsequently the student became a professor in one of our foremost New England colleges. His talents were of a high and extraordinary order. His genius and learning found vent in philosophical and other works, which speedily found their way into the English-speaking colleges and academies of the two continents, and, through translations, into the universities of France and Germany. At last the weight of years compelled him to give up the duties of his professorship. The partner of his honors and toils had gone to rest. A white-haired man, he took his staff and wandered off on a —to him—long journey into a distant city of a distant State.

Amidst all the cares and labors of more than half a century there was an object that he had never forgotten for a single day—the object of his first love up among the hills of New Hampshire. In that distant city that object was still living, a silver-haired widow. Their recognition of each other was as instant and mutual as was that of the Highlander and his lassie a half century before.

The interview was long, and, to them, touchingly interesting. At last the old man rose to leave. To those who knew the venerable professor, his dignity, his reserve and his bashfulness, what follows will seem passing strange. Taking the venerable lady by the hand, for the first and last time in his life, looking her tenderly in the face and calling her by her Christian name, he said: "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant me a kiss?" The request was granted. Their lips met with all the fervency, if not the passion, of youth, while tears stole down their aged cheeks. They separated, and, a few months later, both had passed over the river.

A YOUNG LADY, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes, part of the time," responded the lady.

STOWED AWAY.

I was once third mate of the Water Nymph, a fine clipper ship engaged in the Australian trade. One autumn she was discharging a general cargo at the railway pier, Williamstown, Port Philip, and my duties chiefly consisted in keeping a watchful eye upon the stevedores at work in the hold, for they were terrible fellows for broaching cargo whenever they got a chance, and the quantities of wines, beers and spirits aboard offered them many temptations.

Notwithstanding all my vigilance, casks and cases were constantly sent on deck void of contents, and I was repeatedly censured by the chief officer for not keeping a sharper look-out. This galled me much, for I was confident the gang then at work were not the depredators, as I had seen several bottled ale casks dragged empty from the places where they had been stowed, and I knew that their depletion was due to some other agency than the one attributed. At last I received a hint from the cook that there was always plenty of grog knocking around the forecastle; and the inference I naturally drew was that the sailors had effected ingress to the hold by forcing a passage through the bulkhead in the fore-peak, and made night incursions upon the cargo. So I resolved to sneak below, after the hatches had been closed at sunset, and endeavor to catch some of the crew in the act.

I told the first mate the suspicions I entertained, and he considered my project a good one; so, shortly after nightfall, he lowered me down the after hatchway himself, carefully reclosing it, as, of course, if the men got a notion of what was in the wind, my mission would be fruitless.

The night was cloudy and stormy, occasional squalls of wind and rain drowning every sound on deck; but in the spacious lower hold all was still and silent as the grave. I groped my way forward for some distance, clambering on hands and knees over chests, bales and boxes, until at last I found my way impeded by several huge cases of machinery, which barred up the passage from one hatchway to the other, on the starboard side. On the port side and amidships small cases of wine were stowed, and as I could easily lift them, I commenced removing the top layer, and trawling ahead as I did so. As a lamp would have betrayed my presence to the thieves, I did not carry one; but I had a few matches in my waistcoat pocket and I occasionally lighted one when I lost my way through the labyrinth of goods.

At last, on removing a good sized bale, I found empty space before me, and supposing I had arrived at the main hatchway, from whence all the cargo had been removed, I faced about and began lowering myself by my hands and feet to the keilson, but a case I grasped suddenly gave way and I was precipitated to the plank flooring, the package fallling upon my legs and holding me down with its weight, which was considerable. I tried to rise, but the effort was futile, and the pain in my crushed limbs was excruciating. The air was hot and stifling, with a peculiar sickening odor hanging upon it.

After fumbling in my pocket for a match I struck the last one I had against the iron band of the case. Directly it ignited a sheet of white flame flickered around, and in its pale, wierd light, I saw a ghastly skeleton crouched in close proximity to where I lay.

Huge drops of sweat welled up and stood in dewy beads upon my brow, yet a chill sensation shook every nerve and muscle in my body. I could see nothing in the intense darkness; but as if lured by fascination I glanced in the direction of the ghastly figure until my eyes stood out of their sockets. I fancied I could see the long, bony arm of the skeleton thrust itself forth to grasp me; the fleshless face, the hollow temples, seemed clear to my sight, and the white rows of teeth seemed to mock and grin at my despair. I was but a youngster and I could bear the horrible phantasy no longer; my overstrained nerves relaxed and I swooned.

How long I remained unconscious I can not tell; but, when my senses returned, I heard a noise a short distance ahead of where I lay, and saw a ray of yellow light gleam through the interstices of some loosely stowed packages on my right. Then the sound of a man's voice fell on my ear, and, by the intonation of it, I knew that a sailor named Carstairs was in the vicinity of where I lay.

"It's good for us the mate thinks it's the land-porters as broaches the cargo, or we'd never get a drop of this good liquor. I say, Bill, can't we smuggle off enough to last the voyage home?" I heard him say.

"Carstairs!" I hallooed, in a faint voice, that sounded strangely unnatural even to myself. "Help! I'm jammed up in here."

I heard a crash of glass, as if a bottle had been let fall.

"Heavens! Bill, did you hear that?" half shrieked the terror stricken sailor.

"'Tis summat onnat'ral, anyhow. Let's get out o' this, Joe. I knew no good would ever come of this way of doing business," replied his companion.

I hallooed again, louder and more distinctly. "For heaven's sake don't leave me here to die!" I cried.

"That's the third mate's voice, for sure," said Carstairs. "What's he arter down here? Spying on us I suppose. But if he's hurted, it's best we go and help him; he's not a bad sort, and, perhaps, won't split on us."

Flinging cases and barrels aside, they advanced quickly towards me, guided by my voice as I repeatedly hailed them. At last only one case stood between them and me; they rolled it away, and grasped the one beneath which I lay.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" asked Carstairs.

"I can scarcely tell," I replied, as they lifted me up. Then I pointed in the direction of the skeleton. "Look there," I said.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the sailor, his stalwart form trembling all over as his gaze fell upon the ghastly figure which the bright glare of the lamp revealed to us in all its repulsiveness. "'Tis some poor fellow who's stowed himself away for the passage," he added, when the first agony of surprise had passed away.

I was sorely bruised, but no bones were broken. The sailors assisted me along until I got near the main hatchway; then they went up on deck by way of the forecastle, and told the mate they thought some one was down in the hold. He, thinking I had made a capture, opened the hatch and I was dragged, more dead than alive, from the hold beneath.

I explained all to the mate, except the part relating to the two sailors, for I did not wish to get them into trouble as they had aided me, and the next day the remains of the unfortunate stowaway were brought up on deck. From a paper found in the pocket of his coat we ascertained his name and former residence, and afterwards learned that the unhappy man wished to join his sweetheart in Australia, but having no money to pay for a passage he stowed himself away in the pump well, from whence no sound could reach to the deck, and so met the terrible fate I have recorded.

There was no cargo broached at night aboard the Water Nymph that voyage.

THE MERCHANT'S STORY.

Yes, it was rather a curious start that I had in business. The first thing I did, after having saved a little pile of money, was to set up a shanty in Sioux City. I had all sorts of traps to allure Indians, and I wanted to buy any kind of peltries, scalps excepted. But I was a new arrival, and the noble red man couldn't believe in me without help, and I found trade rather dull. Late one night, however, as I was sleeping among my stock, there came a tremendous banging at my door, and when I unbarred it, there was a tall fellow who seemed to be a little drunk; and said he: "I want a butcher-knife." "All right, Come in," said I. "I want a reliable one," says he. "I want it to kill a man with. Give me a good strong handle. I want a knife that I can put in and turn it around." Says I, "I think I can suit you. Walk in and take a look." I knew him by that time. He was a Virginian, a splendid looking fellow, and belonged to a good family, as I understood, but he had gone wild on the frontier and had done a great many illegal things, and been forced to herd with the Indians. The consequence was that he spoke their language and was a person of influence among them. Well, I felt a little doubtful about his intentions—not knowing but what I was the man he was after; but all the same I got out my stock of tools and showed them.

There was one, nearly two feet long, which I had bought for a cheese knife.—Says I, "I think that would answer your purpose." "Yes, I should think it might" says he. "How much is it?" I told him the price—about four shillings, I think.—"I'll take it," says he. "But I haven't any money." Under the circumstances, seeing he had the knife in his hand and was ready to turn it around, I thought I had better offer to trust him. "You'd better not," says he. "You don't know me from any other gentleman." "But I've got to trust you," says I. "You've got the butcher-knife by the handle, and I'm at the sharp end of it. Besides, I believe I can trust you." Off he went, and I heard no more of him for a time, not even whether he had killed a man. But some weeks later he put in an appearance and paid for the knife. "And now, youngster," says he, "I like the way you treated me when I roused you out for that trade. You didn't show the white feather. Some men, hustled up at that time of night, would have been scared. But you behaved every way like a gentleman, and now I want to behave to you as one. There are some Indians coming in to-day, and I'll bring them to your shanty to trade. Have you got any rum?" I hadn't any rum; I didn't keep it.—"Well," says he, "we must have some rum. No rum, no Injun. Give me a couple of dollars." I gave him the money, and he went off. When he came back he had a demijohn full of drink and some tumblers. An hour or so later the Indians appeared, some two hundred of them.

First came the warriors, with their rifles, bows and tomahawks; then followed the squaws, stooping almost to the ground under their loads. My man halted them, but they didn't want to trade with me; they didn't know me. There was a long palaver, and at last he threatened to kill some of them if they didn't follow his friendly advice; and the end of it was that they gave in, to save a quarrel. They crowded into my little shop, and drank my demijohn empty, and bought my stock clean out, and filled me full of peltries. I made $2,500 that season, and went off in high spirits to lose it somewhere else, and then to pick it up again. As for the Virginian, I lost sight of him, and never learned how he ended. I didn't even inquire whether he put his butcher knife in and turned it around. It seemed to me too delicate a subject.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HANGED FOR A BET.—There are not wanting instances of persons who have hanged themselves, or suffered themselves to be hanged, from motives of curiosity or amusement. A remarkable case of this latter description formed the subject some years ago of one of those many curious investigations which have taken place from time to time at Bow street.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before a magistrate under the following curious circumstances: A constable who was passing along Hampstead Road on the previous evening observed a man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by which the tall man was suspended gave way, and he fell to the ground. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, and he was nearly "gone;" but, on recovering himself sufficiently to stagger on his legs, he immediately struck the officer so violent a blow on the nose as nearly to knock him down. Both men were with difficulty secured, when they explained that the tall man who was being hanged was simply paying "a debt of honor."

The two had been "tossing" in the afternoon, first for money, then for clothes, the tall man having won the other's jacket, trousers and shoes, they agreed to toss up which should hang the other. The short man won the toss, and forthwith proceeded to hang the tall man on the lamp-post. The tall man urged that had he won the toss, he would in like manner have assuredly have hanged the short man; but the magistrates expressing their horror at the whole story, sentenced both prisoners to find bail for their good behavior. Not having bail they were committed to Bridewell.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE decree of doctor was first conferred in Europe, at Bologna, in 1130; in England, in 1268.

An Extraordinary Affair.

It certainly was an extraordinary affair and the parties interested will remember it as long as they live. The young lady was shopping in the evening. On her way home she was overtaken by a young man, an acquaintance, who asked the pleasure of escorting her home. The offer was accepted, and the two proceeded, he carrying her bundles, and making himself generally agreeable, as is the custom in such cases. Arriving at her home she took him direct into the sitting-room, as the parlor stove was not yet up. The father and mother were sitting there, enjoying, evidently, the genial warmth of the fire. On their entrance the young man noticed that the mother blushed deeply, and at the same time her husband laughed outright. It was a most boisterous laugh, without evident premeditation, and appeared to owe its origin to no assignable cause. The laughter gave no explanation after the explosion, but continued to look very much amused, while the color in his wife's face deepened. To the young man this was a most embarrassing reception. Naturally enough he felt that it was something in his appearance that excited the mirth of the one and caused the blushes of the other. Involuntarily he took a hasty survey of his appearance as far as the circumstances would allow, but could perceive nothing therein calculated to upset the risibilities of any man or unduly agitate the bosom of any woman. Still he was not at his ease, and the young lady discerning it, and failing to understand the action of her parents, proposed euchre as an offset. So the two played, and the old gentleman continued to look amused, occasionally varying this accomplishment by facetious winks at his wife, whose countenance was alternately red and white. The young man became so absorbed in the game that he forgot the peculiarity of his reception, and the young lady, dividing her attention between the cards and his face, lost sight of the trouble. And so they played and played, while the silence of the parents grew really oppressive had the players but known it. They played on, and all interests were swallowed up in the game. An hour passed, and then a half hour more. It was now ten o'clock. As the hour struck the old gentleman looked up from his paper, in which he had been absorbed for some little time, glanced at the players, then upon the face of his wife, and immediately went off into such a fit of suppressed laughter that an effort to control it very nearly precipitated him into a case of apoplexy. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the players did not notice this agitation. Had they looked up they could not have failed to have noted the terribly distressed expression of the mother's face—in which case the young man would have understood that some family misfortune made the presence of an outsider very unpleasant. A half hour more passed. The young man threw down the cards and said he must go. The young lady having thoroughly enjoyed the game felt impelled to say to him, "Don't be in a hurry; it is early yet," and had almost uttered the fateful words when her glance encountered the stony expression upon her mother's face, and the words died upon her lips, while a thrill of fear shot through her heart. The young man took his hat, turned to bid the family a pleasant good night, when his gaze also fell upon the face of the mother, and the same thrill pierced his heart. He withdrew without a word, using all the haste possible, and went up the street to his home in a dazed state of mind.

He learned accidentally a few days later the cause of it all. The old lady, having a severe cold, had taken the precaution to soak her feet in hot water before retiring, and her feet were in the pail receiving the proper treatment when the young man was unexpectedly ushered in. As her skirts fell over the vessel he failed to note the fact and consequently prolonged his stay two solid hours. What the temperature of the water had become at that hour can easily be imagined, but what were the thoughts that passed through the miserable woman's distracted mind during those two hours no one can fathom. Even she finds herself unable to clearly define them, although she has talked of but little else since the awful night.—*Danbury News.*

INTERESTING FACTS.—Pistols in use, 1544.
Muskets in use, 1370.
Spectacles invented, 1280.
Paper made from linen, 1300.
Musical notes used, invented, 1880.
Linen first made in England, 1235.
Clocks first made in England, 1608.
Pens first made of quills, A. D. 635.
Printing first introduced into England, 1471.
Paper was invented in China 170 years B. C.
Saddles came into use in the fourth century.
Plays were first acted in Rome 28 years B. C.
Horse-shoes of iron were first made A. D. 43.
Stirrups were not made until a century later.
Printing invented at Metz by Guttenberg, 1450.
Potatoes were first introduced into Ireland in 1586.
Tobacco first introduced into France by Nicot, 1450.
Cannons first used at the siege of Algeziras, 1342.
The art of weaving was introduced into England, 1330.
Astronomy and geometry brought into England, 1230.
The calender was reformed by Julius Cæsar in the year 45 B. C.
The first public library was founded at Athens 526 years B. C.
The first public library in Rome was founded in the year 167 B. C.
Paper of cotton rags invented toward the close of the tenth century.
Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 257 years B. C.
Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America, 1529.
The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by Saracens, A. D. 991.
Postoffices established in France, 1464; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.
Insurance on ships and merchandise was first made in A. D. 43.
The first public library was founded at Alexandria, Egypt, A. D. 84.
The first regular bank was established in Venice in the year 1157.
Stone buildings and glass were first introduced into England in A. D. 674.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 14, 1877.

PLEVNA has fallen and is in the possession of the Russians. On Sunday last Osman Pasha, its renowned and heroic defender, undertook to cut his way through the Russian lines, and after six hours stubborn and bloody fighting, finding himself completely surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Russians, was compelled to make an unconditional surrender of his army, forty thousand men and over three hundred cannon. Osman Pasha himself was severely wounded before he would consent to surrender. The Russians investing Plevna numbered 120,000 men. This is by far the most serious reverse which the Turks have yet sustained, and if the weather and roads will admit of future movements the Russian army will be enabled to cross the Balkan mountains on the high way to Adrianople, which is distant from Constantinople about 140 miles. Great excitement over Turkey's defeat has been caused in England, and loud demands are made on the government by the press to interfere in behalf of the Turks before Adrianople falls into the hands of the Russians. A few days will determine England's position and afford a clearer insight into the future course of events.

THE extra session of Congress lasted six weeks, during which time 1,778 bills and 60 joint resolutions—making a total of 1,838—were introduced in the House, and 368 bills and 8 joint resolutions were offered in the Senate—making a grand total of 2,214. Of the number introduced in the House, sixteen passed that body, and of the Senate bills fourteen passed. The only important legislation of the session that was concurred in by both houses were the army and navy appropriation bills, both of which could readily have been disposed of in a single week. The strain on mental ingenuity must be very severe to enable it to furnish in so short a time such a prodigious quantity of legislative material, and yet it is reasonably certain that the supply would have been undiminished if the session had continued until the 4th of next July. The regular session commenced on Monday of last week, and judging from the proceedings thus far there promises to be a full supply of grist to keep the legislative mill on a full run. When it is considered that in addition to the legislation by Congress, nearly every one of the thirty-eight State Legislatures contributes its annual quota of laws, an adequate conception can be formed of the fearful amount of legislation with which the country is afflicted. No nation in the world is governed so much as the United States.

THE recent proceedings in the United States Senate on the admission of either Judge Spofford or Wm. P. Kellogg to a seat in that body from Louisiana, conclusively demonstrated the insane folly of a Democratic minority in a State Legislature uniting with a few dissatisfied Republicans to defeat the caucus nominee of that party for Senator, and electing a man who, for the emergency, calls himself an "Independent Republican." This was done in 1875 in both the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, Zach Chandler being by the aid of Democratic votes defeated by Christiancy in the former State and Matt Carpenter by Cameron in the latter. The Democratic party gained nothing whatever, either in the States named or in the Senate, and the only two men who have profited by the operation are Christiancy and Cameron. So far as the rights of Louisiana are involved, the y would have been decently respected at least by Carpenter, who, while he was in the Senate, manifested a disposition to do her people even-handed justice. In a case so plain as that of Judge Spofford, and in the case of Kellogg, so rotten and untenable, Christiancy and Cameron proved by their votes that they were as thick and thin partisans as Conkling and Edmunds. The lesson is a valuable one to Democrats everywhere, and it is to be hoped they will learn a great deal of wisdom from it in the future. Put not your trust in an "Independent Republican "when he wants your vote to send him to the United States Senate. If you do, you will be cheated.

AFTER the November election several prominent Republican papers expressed a preference for Judge Sterrett's nomination next year as the successor of Chief Justice Agnew, whose term of office will expire in January, 1879. Judge Agnew lives in Beaver county, which, from the large number of leading Republican politicians it has produced, is some times called "The State of Beaver." The two best known and successful of these Beaver county politicians are M. S. Quay, the present Secretary of the Commonwealth, and John S. Rutan, recently a member of the State Senate. As these enterprising gentlemen own an organ, on which, at the proper time, they play a Republican tune of their own composition, they last week announced by authority, through the Beaver *Argus*, that Judge Agnew would be a candidate for renomination. This was fair notice to the backers of Judge Sterrett that "the State of Beaver" is in the field under the banner of Agnew. He is an able man and an acceptable Judge, but some of the Republican papers are objecting to him for the reason that he is now about *seventy* years of age and would be over *ninety* if he was elected and lived to the end of his term. Notwithstanding the weighty objection to his age, Quay and Rutan mean business—in fact, are in dead earnest, and will put him through the State convention if it is in the wood. The Democracy propose to simplify the matter by the nomination and election of a competent man who possesses "a sound mind in a sound body," and whose mental and physical vigor will enable him to discharge his duties actively and creditably until the expiration of his term of twenty-one years.

JUDGE HUMPHRIES, of Washington, before whom John J. Patterson was brought on a writ of *habeas corpus* after he had been arrested on a requisition from Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, delivered his opinion in the case last Wednesday week, directing Patterson to be discharged. Judge Humphries spent seven weeks in arriving at this lame and impotent conclusion. He is called a Judge of "necessity," because he knows no law, and is one of that peculiar class of men upon whom Grant delighted to confer judicial positions. His opinion reads more like a stump speech by a carpet-bag orator than a legal argument, and treats with sublime contempt the very clause in the Constitution relating to the privilege of a legislator from arrest which covers Patterson's case. If he had been charged with murder, the same reasoning would have declared him exempt from arrest, because he was a Senator and was at the capitol attending to his duties. The Judge assumes that Patterson could not get a fair trial in South Carolina—the very thing that Patterson himself fears he would get, knowing that a fair trial would result in his conviction. Two days after this decision was rendered, a resolution was offered in the Senate of South Carolina directing a copy of the testimony in reference to Patteeson's bribery operations to be sent to the Senate at Washington, and, instead of being promptly passed, was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, where, unless we are very much mistaken, it will remain. The sequel to the criminal proceedings against Patterson is yet to be unfolded, and when it comes will, we think, produce a decided sensation. We will not now anticipate it, as "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." In the meantime Patterson has become a hero, and announce, that he has been offered very liberal pay to lecture in New York, Boston, and other cities, on "The South." There are several illustrious precedents for Patterson becoming a public lecturer. Dr. Johnson said that in his day "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel." In this country, of late years, the same class of men have sought the lecture platform, and the names of almost a score of men with tainted reputations will suggest themselves as among our most prominent lecturers. In this free and enlightened Republic, no matter how corrupt and debauched a man may have become, he is certain to achieve success in the lecture field. It is not creditable to the country, but it is nevertheless the fact, and if Patterson accepts the offer which he says has been tendered him he will draw overflowing houses. Crowds would fill the largest hall, attracted by a morbid curiosity to look upon the man who stole a valuable railroad, sold it, and with a portion of the proceeds corruptly bought a negro Legislature to elect him to the United States Senate, to assist in making laws for forty millions of people.

SOME years ago the popular mad, in numerous instances, the scientific credulity of the country was very largely imposed upon by the production of the Cardiff (petrified) giant, which some waggish New Yorkers cut of gypsum, buried in a barnyard, and then exhumed. The fraud had a good run, and its exposure almost compelled its projectors to run for their personal safety. Science since that has been wary of such impositions, and takes hold very gingerly of the alleged Colorado prehistoric wonder, now on exhibition in New York, which is thus described :

> The figure is seven and a half feet long and of 600 pounds weight. The features are of a decided Indian type, high cheek bones, low retreating forehead, and an enormous posterior protuberance. The right arm is bent, the hand lying on the breast. The bones between the wrist and fingers and the finger bones, with their processes, are said to be true to nature. The left arm rest on the left leg, which is drawn up, and the flexor muscle bears a scar. The great toes on the feet have the appearance of thumbs, and are not unlike the toes of a gorilla. But that which excites the greatest curiosity among scientific men is the vertebra, which is extended about two inches and a half, displaying a well defined tail. This tail is not believed to be the os coccyx projected by the shrinkage of the muscles, for in that case it would have a flat, arrow-shaped form. It is about five inches long, round, about one inch in diameter and with a conical termination.

This petrification is alleged to have been found in Colorado by W. A. Conant, and he gives the highest references to his character for honesty, and has testimonials from eminent scientists that his curiosity was once a living human organism. If this be finally concluded it will be one of the most valuable evidences yet furnished of the pre-historic American, and will furnish a "connecting link" of the utmost importance to the Darwinian philosophers.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT.—In March last, while the ill-fated United States steamer Huron was lying in the harbor of Port Royal, S. C., Lieutenant Arthur H. Fletcher, her executive officer, left the vessel on a 24 hours' leave of absence, and failing to return at the expiration of that time, the ship sailed for another port without him. A few days after Mr. Fletcher returned to Port Royal, reported to Commodore J. H. B. Clitz, "senior naval officer present," and stated to him that for some time past he had a presentment that if he went to sea in the Huron for the purpose of finishing the cruise (two years) he would be wrecked. This feeling took complete possession of his mind, and he used every means to get detached, but the Navy Department refused to order it without a better reason. When he found that all his efforts had failed, he left the Huron in the manner stated, with the intention not to return. For this he was placed under arrest and tried by court-martial, at Washington Navy Yard, in August last. In defence he made a statement in substance as above, and called Commodore Clitz, Commander George P. Ryan, of the Huron, and other officers to prove that before leaving the ship, he had told them of the dread—in fact, horror—he had of finishing the cruise of the vessel. This is matter of record, on file in the Navy Department, and though such a line of defence was laughed at when made, the fate of the Huron will cause many superstitious people to think that Mr. Fletcher's premonition was fully proven to be a true one by the wreck off Kitty Hawk, N. C.—*Washington Republican.*

IN the Senate of the United States, on Monday last, James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, was admitted to his seat by a vote of 49 yeas to 8 nays. Mr. Eustis was elected to the Senate in January, 1873, but Pinchback, through the efforts of the late Senator Morton, managed to keep him out of his seat, and to draw his salary up to January 12th, 1876. The salary of Mr. Eustis will date back to that time and his term will expire on the 4th of March, 1879. Although Pinchback had publicly withdrawn his claims after Kellogg was admitted, eight Republican Senators by their votes against Eustis, leave it to be inferred that they would have voted for Pinchback, even against his own admission that he had no legal title to the seat.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1877.

CONGRESS.

Now that the war in the Senate over the contested seats from the Southern States, has ended, and the admission of Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana, a mere matter of form both houses have got down to work, and will evidently hurry up matters in order to take their usual Christmas vacation, which they propose to do somewhat earlier and longer than is customary, on account of the extra labor performed in the extra session, having passed concurrent resolutions to adjourn from the 15th of the present month to the 10th of January, proximo.

THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

have concluded to make no report on the new tariff until February next, in order that they may be guided in their action by the completion of the appropriation bills, as they can determine then much better what the expenditures are to be, and frame a bill to meet the necessities of the country. The tax on whiskey will probably be reduced 50 cents per gallon, and that on tobacco 10 cents per pound, while the free list in any event will be considerably increased. This of course is subject to future consideration, but it is believed to be the general outlines of the tariff bill.

THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE.

is threatened with dismissal by certain dissatisfied Democrats, who allege that with the promise of assistance from the Republicans, who are also growling, they can oust him. His offense seems to be his appointing too many Southerners to position, in opposition to applicants from New England. How the muddle will terminate is one of those things "no fellah can find out."

THE ADMINISTRATION,

alias Mr. Hayes, has assumed the position of ex-President Johnson, and displays his firm and fixed purpose of fighting the Senate by the renomination last week of nearly all his appointees, which failed of confirmation at the extra session, and is determined to die fighting in the ditch of "my policy;" and as his most intimate friends here informs us that he is equally as stubborn as Mr. Johnson, the Senate will have to eventually back down entirely, or fall back upon an electoral tribunal capitulation.

THE SILVER BILL

discussion in the Senate, as indicated by the overwhelming vote which brought the matter over from last week until to-day for its serious consideration, shows conclusively that the measure has more friends in that body than in the House, where it originated, in proportion to the number of members of each body. The opponents of the bill are exceedingly discouraged, and the debate upon the measure promises to be the most heated and violent that has occupied the attention of the Senate for many years. Should Mr. Hayes veto the bill, which he has indicated in his message of last week he would do, it is claimed that a two-thirds vote with which to pass it over his veto can be very easily obtained in both houses.

THE REMONETIZATION BILL,

has not as yet reached that point which would justify, at present, a synopsis of its course, or even to suggest a probable programme for the yet unfinished state in which it now lies; and we can therefore do no better now than to say that "she is hauled up on the stocks for repairs" and lies "in statu quo." In our next we will in all probability enlighten your numerous readers of its fate, as well as a liberal summary of the fate of the silver bill, now pending in the Senate chamber, with a full description of the many incidents which invariably occur in the passage of arms on so important a feature as the silver bill.

IMPORTANT LEGISLATION.

Among the many bills passed by the House, for the general welfare of the country, are: One to abolish the iron clad oath; another to permit criminals in the U. S. Courts to give evidence *per se* in their own behalf; still another to repeal sections 821 and 622 of the Revised Statutes which, exclude from the jury box all persons who sympathized with the late "unpleasantness," or those who offered any obstruction to the enforcement of the civil rights bill and its subsequent enforcement acts.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORS

having intimated to the radicals that as their numbers so nearly equal that of their opponents in that chamber, they were therefore entitled to an increased representation on the different committees, and their gentle reminder seems to have had its effect, as the Republicans decided to allow them one more member on each committee, and a reorganization took place carrying out the desire of our Democratic friends.

TILDEN-LIKE.

Judge Spofford received an address signed by *all* the Democratic Senators regretting that he failed to obtain his seat through a repetition of the electoral tribunal's 8x7 decision, viz: the lacking of but one vote. The address closed with their appreciation of the dignified ability with which he conducted his case, and the still further addendum that the seat undoubtedly belonged to him instead of Kellogg.

THE CARPET-BAGGERS

who strayed during the last week's Democratic tidal-wave in the Senate have returned to the fold by attending the Republican caucus and looking after their own personal interests, and strange to say they were allowed to retain the chairmanships of their respective committees.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

having been notified by General Harlan of his confirmation to be their associate on the bench, he was sworn in and took his seat with them yesterday, thus bringing the Court up once more to its full complement of nine members. Several cases in which the judges are at present equally divided in opinion will be reargued, and the vote of *Judge* Harlan will be the deciding opinion for or against the contestants.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON ELECTIONS

have decided to report in favor of seating Patterson, the Democratic contestant from Colorado.

KELLOGG,

since his admission to the Senate on the Butler compromise fiasco, has given the rads to understand that he will stand by Mr. Hayes, much to the chagrin of the disgrunters, as he gave them to understand otherwise in order to secure their votes for his admission.

PACKARD'S FRIENDS

have urged Mr. Hayes to appoint him as collector of the port of New Orleans in place of Mr. Lawrence, conservative, who was not confirmed at the extra session, but Mr. Hayes is about to renominate Lawrence, and Packard is left "out in the cold, cold world."

THE MEXICAN WAR VETERANS,

through the Commissioner of Pensions, have been reported to the Chairman of the Senate Committee as numbering some 3,800 pensioners, not including widows and heirs, who will be benefitted by the bill granting them a pension for even one day's service during the Mexican war.

THE WASHINGTON POST.

a new daily of decidedly Democratic sentiments, was born in our midst yesterday morning, and as it is what we have long needed here, we shall assist our new brother, in every conceivable way, on the road to success. ANDERSON.

Nevada's Great Cave.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF PURE GOLD AND SILVER.

CARSON, Nov. 27.—For many years there has been living in the Walker river range of mountains a man named Algernon B. Grant, who very rarely sought the haunts or habitations of white men. His ostensible occupation was prospecting for precious metals, but the fact of his long and uninterrupted residence in these wilds pointed to the fact of his non-success in that direction. Mr. Grant was in this city a few days since, and the following is an extract from his wonderful and interesting history: He is a native of Bourbon county, Kentucky, having been born there in 1825. He was sent to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1846, second in his class. In 1851 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Kentucky. He enjoyed a lucrative practice in that city until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he entered the Confederate service, receiving a commission as Major in one of the Kentucky regiments. In the meantime Grant had married and gathered a little family around him. These he at that time had taken to the southern portion of Kentucky, and placed them under the protection of relatives.

When the war ended he pictured to himself in rapturous delight the happiness that would fall to his lot when he could once again gaze upon the faces of his loving wife and dear children. He took passage for Southern Kentucky. Upon arriving at the spot where his hopes and happiness were centered, there awaited him nothing but a mass of charred ruins. The strong man dismounted from his horse and sat down upon the ground, weeping like a child. He learned that about a year before the close of the war a small band of straggling troops had infested that portion of Kentucky, and that the family of Grant had been murdered, and the incendiary torch was brought into play. In the early spring of 1866 he engaged passage in a mule train which was then about crossing the plains, and afterward arrived in this State, and emigrated to the most extreme southern end of the Walker river mountains, where he has been existing ever since, only at rare intervals seeing the detested face of a white man.

A number of the Walker river tribe looked up to him with great reverence, supposing him to be endowed with supernatural powers. About two months ago one of these Indians, who had been a recipient of special favors at the hands of Grant, desirous of exhibiting his gratitude, requested our hero to accompany him on a two days' ramble through the mountains, and he would show him a cave wonderfully rich with gold and silver. What direction of the compass the party followed Grant is reluctant about revealing. At all events, after traveling about two days and a half, our hero and his companion arrived at dusk one evening in a narrow canon, or mountain gorge, enclosed on either side by rugged, steep mountains. In this vicinity, the Indian said, the cave was located. A camp fire was lighted, and while Grant was cooking supper his companion went in search of the exact location of the cave, so that no time would be lost in finding it in the morning. The Indian returned with joy imprinted upon his copper-colored features, and imparted to Grant the satisfactory tidings that he had found the cave without difficulty, and that notwithstanding the darkness which then prevailed, the interior of this wonderful vault was as light as noonday. At an early hour next morning after traveling in this canon, which is many miles in length, for an hour, or may be a little less, the Indian pointed to a pile of granite of immmense weight stacked up against the cragged side of a monster mountain, and told Grant that by removing the boulders an entrance to the cave could be effected. The two men immediately set to work at their herculean task, which occupied them nearly two hours. When the obstruction was removed, all that could be seen was an opening leading into the mountain, of dimensions only great enough to admit the bodies of two largely developed men; but the interior was as dark as Erebus. Grant ventured into this opening to the distance of about ten feet, but the intensity of the darkness precluded him from seeing his hands before his face. He cried out to his companion for some burning sage brush, which was immediately thrust into the cave, but, strange to relate, this artificial light would not illuminate the darkness. Here was a nice pass. Grant emerged from his subterranean visit and consulted with his semi-savage companion as to the most expedient means to be employed in the emergency; it was useless to seek for gold or anything else in so dark a place where artificial light proved of no avail. The Indian then repeated his story of the illumination which he saw in the cave the preceding night. Although this yarn sounded rather improbable in the ears of an intelligent white man, yet the Indian was so earnest and sincere, to all outward appearances, that our hero decided to remain until the stars came out, and determine whether there was any truth in his companion's fabulous narration. The men returned to the camping ground of the previous night and brought their traps to the mouth of the mysterious cave. It seemed as if that day would never draw to a close, so great was Grant's impatience; but as twilight was approaching a slight glimmer was discernable at the mouth of the vault, yet the blackest darkness mortal ever beheld was still holding sway therein. But gradually, as night was falling, an unnatural light was making itself apparent, and at 9 o'clock that evening a ray of brilliant noonday light shot out from the opening of that wonderful noonday subterranean passage. For the first time in many years Grant gave vent to a shout of delight. The Indian's tale of seeming fiction and probability was true. The sight was so grand, so wonderful and so magnificent, that for a few moments Grant was rooted to the ground by a combination of terror and admiration. After awhile he and companion entered the cave, but the light was so piercing and brilliant that for a few seconds the pair could see nothing; their vision seemed to be lost; but gradually their eyes became accustomed to the unnatural brilliancy of light, and the sight which met their gaze no person can depict. The walls and ceiling of this passage were covered with burnished gold and silver, the bulk of which comprised thousands of tons. Grant relates that the first sight of these treasures terrified him, but, after regaining his self-possession, he and the Indian made a tour of exploration. This cave is about one mile in length, 150 feet in width, and seventy feet high. The interior of this immense grotto is arched similar to an old Gothic church, supported by large, alabaster-like pillars, entwined by heavy golden and silver wire of the dimensions of a man's finger, like the growth of ivy, and in a style of grandeur and magnificence that could never be produced by human hands. These pillars seem to have been placed in position by a provident nature, to support the heavy ceilings of the grotto, incrusted by thousands of tons of gold and silver wire and ingots wrought into the most fantastic shapes. Besides the incalculable treasures, this vast cave contains chambers and domes of the most grotesque architectural designs, marvellous avenues and little lakes, the latter alive with fish of every color of the rainbow, a gorgeous and indescribable sight, indeed. This all reads like an improbable tale, but Grant vows that his statement is one of absolute veracity, from Alpha to Omega. One of the most unaccountable features about this cave is the unnatural light at night, which, Grant says, is not phosphorescent (he being somewhat of a scientist), and the unheard of and unimpenetrable darkness during the day. Grant asserts that there are millions upon millions of pure gold and silver in that vault, and he means to share them with those who have been kind to him in bygone days. He is now en route for Louisville, Ky., and has with him several hundred pounds of gold taken from the cave, to seek out some of his old friends, whom he will bring out here as early as passible.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

News and Other Notings.

—One California farmer claims to have killed six thousand wild geese this year.

—Five thousand pounds of artificial butter are manufactured daily in Pittsburg.

—A Maine lady has refused $2,000 for her tresses, which are eight feet one inch long.

—Thomas A. Doyle was elected mayor of Providence, R. I., on Thursday, for the twelfth time.

—By the a big at Millerstown, Butler county, a few days ago, $150,000 worth of property was destroyed.

—Near Karnes, Butler county, an oil well has been struck which will, it is estimated, run 600 barrels per day.

—Ira Robbins, of Hughesville, Lycoming county, has constructed a revolving and repeating rifle which fires two shots a second.

—There are five hundred names on the poor books of Williamsport, and a local paper estimates that it will require $25,000 to keep them.

—In the family of David Kline, in Berks county, four persons died in one week of diphtheria. In another family three died within ten days.

—A little child of Mr. John Spitter, of Bald Eagle furnace, Centre county, was burned so badly on Thursday last that he died in about an hour after the accident.

—On Main street, Louisville, Saturday night, Cochran & Fulton and Davis & Hadin's whisky stores, and four other firms were burned out. Loss, $1,000,000.

—There is a strong Catholic movement against dancing in Baltimore. Many young women who are church members are dropping the amusement from their party engagements.

—The other day Miss Harriet Lyon, of Beaver, received through the post office a sum of money which included the interest for thirty years on a sum stolen from her thirty years ago.

—Leng's brewery, stables and several cottages, at Louisville, Ky., burned Sunday night. Cause, Henry Groom threw a lamp at Emma Chime. The lamp exploded. Emma Chime died.

—A St. Louis widow has had three husbands. She has on hand a lawsuit to break the will of the first, another to recover the insurance money on the life of the second, and a third to obtain alimony from the last.

—Mary Ann Collins, employed in a paper mill in Verona, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, fell through a hatchway of the mill into a vat of boiling water and vitriol on Saturday. She died almost immediately.

—An Irishman and German woman, both of whom have families near Pittsburgh, eloped to St. Louis, where the man persuaded his partner to transfer $1,600 out of $1,800 in her possession and decamped for California.

—Charles Mubrich shot and killed his wife at the house of Squire Burns in Fountain Bluff township, Randolph county, Illinois, on Saturday, and then blew his own brains out. Family difficulties were the cause.

—Adam Grimm of Jefferson, Wis., made over $50,000 exclusively from bees, by keeping a very large number, and having all the labor connected with them performed by members of his own family, and thus avoiding expense.

—Near Mansfield, Ohio, Thursday night, a man named Finney was murdered, and his wife, son and daughter-in-law were badly wounded. A negro and a farm hand are suspected of the crime, the motive of which was robbery.

—A daughter of Major General Richard Butler, one of Washington's most trusted commanders in the revolutionary war, is living at Uniontown, Fayette county. She is ninety-five years old and until recently enjoyed good health.

—William S. Bergen, who murdered J. McBride at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in June last, was hanged at Cleveland on Friday. At the first attempt the noose slipped and he fell strangled to the ground. Another effort accomplished the purpose.

—Father John J. Kean, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Richmond, Va., to succeed the Most Reverend James Gibbons, recently elevated to the Archepiscopal See of Baltimore, vice Archbishop Bayley, deceased.

—A Warsaw, N. Y., girl married a mendicant of eighty two to get rid of marrying a fellow who wanted to marry her fortune. She then put off to Europe, the conditions having been that her mendicant husband, for a certain sum, should keep himself forever out of her sight.

—In the swamps of Harrowgate, a Philadelphia suburb, the cruelty-to-animals people have found a German swineherd, who, with a wife and two children, a sick horse, a cow, a herd of goats, geese and two pigs, live in a miserable, one-story hut, about 30 by 20 feet, made of warped planks and slabs, with no floor.

—John Carter, a sea captain, went to Manchester, Mass., to get married. He found that the Town Clerk was away from home, and nobody else had the right to give a license. His vessel was to sail on the morrow, so that delay was out of the question. In this emergency a town meeting was held, and a temporary clerk elected.

—Mr. Samuel Brewer and Mrs. A. Grube, the former seventy-six, and the latter sixty-nine years of age, were married in an Indiana town on the 13th ult. Mr. Brewer is the father of eight children and the grandfather of thirty-seven, while the bride is dowered with nine children and forty-three grandchildren. Almost all of these were present.

—Pauline Slicher, aged 15, was instantly killed in Philadelphia on Sunday evening by the accidental discharge of a pistol. Henry Russel was at the time removing a cartridge from the pistol, the owner, Lewis Myers, having been refused admittance to the house while Russel was arranging the weapon. The girl's parents reside at Birmingham, Pa.

—At noon Saturday John Oothout of Jersey City, a proprietor in an iron foundry, returned from the bank with $700 to pay his hands. While alone in his office, counting the money, some one crept behind him, struck his head with an iron bar, snatched the money, and fled. He has been unconscious ever since, and the police must await his restoration before they can obtain a clue.

—An iron mountain, 10,500 feet high, and rivaling the famous iron mountain of Missouri, has been discovered in Colfax county, New Mexico. The ore is almost entirely pure iron, and in connection with the immense quantities of coal found in Colfax county, this huge deposit of iron ore [illegible], at no distant day, become the source of industries which will gather and support a large and thriving population.

—A man who registered as J. R. Abbey, but gave no residence, committed suicide at the National House, Pittsburgh, on Sunday morning. He was well dressed and had money, but no baggage. He burned on the hearth all papers that would lead to his identification.

—At the time of the revolution the Catholics and Methodists were almost the smallest religious denominations in this country. Out of 1951 churches there were only 11 Methodists and 52 Catholics, to 700 Congregationalists and 380 Baptists, 300 Episcopalians and 300 Presbyterians.

—The dwelling of William Tainor, in Springfield township, near Toledo, Ohio, was burned on Thursday night, and next morning portions of Tainor's body were found in the ruins. He was seventy-five years of age, wealthy, and lived alone, and is believed to have been murdered.

—Mrs. Rebecca Guishart, who died in Baltimore a few days ago, at the age of ninety-eight, was one of the actors at the Richmond theatre on the fatal night of its burning in 1811. When the fire broke out she managed to reach the upper gallery, where her father, sister and child were seated, only to see them sink amid the ruins. She then jumped from the window and reached the ground unhurt by falling upon the dense mass of people outside.

—James Todd, one of General Lee's favorite scouts in the West Virginia campaign, was killed last week in a dispute with a hunter on the mountain near Staunton, Va. He was the most skillful hunter in the valley of the Shenandoah, having killed more than twenty-seven hundred deer up to 1860 with one old muzzle loading rifle. He could perform the feat of putting a bullet through a hat on the opposite side of a tree, by placing an axe blade for the ball to glance upon.

—There is a wealthy gentleman in Clinton county, Ky., who has worn a pair of brogan shoes six long years, and they are still good. The same gentleman says he will never winter another weaver's loom, nor a cow, and in accordance with this resolution he killed his milk cow one day last week after milking her in the morning, and had that night for supper cream for his coffee, sweet milk and buttermilk, butter, beefsteak, hash and a tallow candle to give him light, all the proceeds of a single cow.

—A man named John Bell, on the Rob't Campbell farm, near Petrolia, Butler county, fell yesterday, says the Edenburg *Herald* of the 9th, a distance of 48 feet. When he struck, it so happened that he bit on the back of a young man named Collins, who was engaged on some sort of work on the premises. Both men took a rest for a few minutes, Bell, for a wonder, emerging unhurt. It was thought that Collins was fatally injured, but he is now out of danger. It was the next door neighbor to Sam Patch's leap.

—It will be a surprise to many to learn that the Catholics have but one consecrated church in the archdiocese of New York. The assertion is made by the *Freeman's Journal*, which does not, however, explain the fact that it is because Catholics do not consecrate a church while a penny of debt remains against it. The church which forms the exception is that of the Holy Redeemer, which has just observed the 25th anniversary of its consecration. It was built by German Catholics and is free from debt, as very few city churches of any denomination are.

—Last Sunday afternoon, while George Arstensall was engaged in feeding a sick elephant in New York with grass and administering some remedies which he was compelled to force down its throat, the animal became enraged and suddenly winding his trunk around Arstensall's body lifted him from the ground and threw him with great force about *forty feet* against a canvass screen at one of the entrances to the menagerie. He was severely bruised, but not seriously injured, the screen having fortunately saved him from being hurled against a rough stone wall a few feet beyond it.

—The Dubuque *Times* says that a rather good looking colored man and a handsome white girl, the former getting along toward middle age, the latter not over 18, both residing near Specht's Ferry, had hard work getting married. They went to Potosi, but neither Justice of the Peace nor Minister could be found to perform the ceremony. They went to British Hollow with the same result. The had to stay there all night, and from that place went to Dutch Hollow, where they were married by a Justice of the Peace. The loving couple were accompanied by the young lady's aunt, who said she was bound to see fair play.

—On Saturday a week ago, says the Charlotte *Observer*, Mrs. Margaret Gray, the oldest person in all this section of the State, having arrived at the wonderful age of 116 years, died at her home in Cabarrus county, N. C. She was the daughter of Michael Garner, (familiarly known as old Mike Garner) who is said to have been the wealthiest man who ever lived in Cabarrus county. Mrs. Gray was the wife of Beverly Gray, and was the mother of sixteen children. Having been born in Cabarrus in 1751, and raised in Rocky river neighborhood, she has spent her entire life in the county, and, it is said, never for once crossed the line.

—The wife of a New York banker appeared the other evening at a party as capital. The dress was covered on the skirt, so as to make it appear one piece, with one hundred and five hundred dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were $1,000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with diamonds. The tiara was said to have been worth $80,000, and the total value of the notes and diamonds on her person was $260,000. Two pages carried her train, and watched lest the jewels and greenbacks should fall on the floor. Such silly displays as this, very pertinently remarks the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, help to demoralize public sentiment and breed financial heresies among the unthinking classes.

—The Des Moines *Leader* of a recent date says: This morning there was at the Given House a Mrs. Shadle, of Guthrie county, on her way, in charge of her husband, to the asylum at Mount Pleasant. Last March the lady became suddenly crazy and quite violent, and continued so until the 12th of June, when she passed into a comatose state, and has been apparently sleeping ever since. She awoke once only since, when she revived enough to converse but not coherently, and the next day went to sleep again and has not since awoke. She is fed by forcing her mouth open, to which she makes no resistance, and shows no relish for the food; breathing is regular, but quicker than it would be in her normal condition of health.

—About twenty years ago there lived in Juniata county, Pennsylvania, somewhere along the Black Log mountain, a family by the name of McGurvey. In addition to the father and mother there were twin daughters, three years old, who were seperated at that time, and they have never been able to hear of each other since, owing no doubt to their extreme youth when parted. The one sister is now a resident of Newport and is anxious to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of her long lost sister, who, it is ascertained, was taken by one Mr. John Thompson, who removed about the same time from Juniata county to some one of the western states, most likely Iowa. The then little girl who accompanied Mr. Thompson was named either Juniata or Susquehanna McGurvey. Address Solomon Zeigler, Newport, Perry county, Pa.

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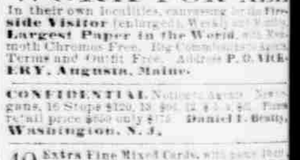

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PULMONA saved my daughter's life.—Rev. E. Jones, Remsen, N. Y.

We have tried for the benefit we received from the use of PULMONA.—Rev. P. Wolfe, Hamilton, Pa.

Every one who I recommended it to has benefited much by its use.—Rev. C. D. Rumpf, Racine, Wis.

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THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Dec. 7, 1877.

WHAT SAY YE TO THIS!

A Proposition to Reduce the Price of the FREEMAN and put it on a Cash Basis.

Now that the eleventh volume of the FREEMAN is rapidly approaching completion, and all books are fairly groaning, as it were, under the weight of accumulated accounts, scattered in small sums all over the country, we deem it a proper time to make an effort to dispense with the credit system and put our business on a strictly cash basis. With that object, therefore, in view, we ask all our old patrons to call as many new ones as possible to let us have us on or before the first day of January next whether they are not willing to pay $1.50 in advance for the coming year, those outside of the county to pay 15 cents extra for postage. We desire, be he in or out of debt to us, need hesitate about accepting this proposition, as those who owe us, if unable to pay, can at least settle by giving their notes, although we earnestly desire all to pay up in full or in part, if at all possible. We ask no one for the present to send us the money for the coming year, but we do ask all our patrons not only to let us hear from them on this subject, but to advise their friends not now receiving the FREEMAN to accept our proposition. There are plenty of good men in all the towns and townships who will take pleasure in enrolling the names of such as are willing to take our paper on the terms offered, but where that or some similar proposition is not available, a penny postal card will serve to inform us in regard to the matter. Of course all who have paid beyond the present year will be entitled to the same proportionate reduction in price. Now, friends, let us hear from you on this subject on or before the 1st of January.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1878, has been fixed upon for Argument Court.

—Deer and pheasant shooting will be unlawful after the last day of this month.

—A double-bitted axe can be bought for $1.25 at A. A. Barker & Son's. Terms cash.

—David Black, of Huntingdon, claims to have killed twenty-three wild turkeys this season.

—It is estimated that there are fifteen thousand tramps in this State, not counting Tyler.

—Ten pounds of white sugar for one dollar at A. A. Barker & Son's cheap cash store. Cash.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register* says that Miss Pettit is happy—it's a fine girl. Well, Miss Pettit.

—Mr. Tom Myers, of East Conemaugh, has concluded after all not to take any part in his.

—The breezes are balmy, which, it is well remember, is exceedingly rare for the month of December.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* is still indulging in conjectures as to what kind of weather we are going to have next.

—Redpath's History of the United States has been adopted as a text-book in the town of Franklin borough.

—The Peerless Plug and Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco should be found in every store in Cambria county, (Pittsburgh).

—There is not a miner in the country who will not prefer W. & D. Rinehart's No. 1 Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco, (Pittsburgh).

—A deer weighing 160 pounds was shot and killed on Laurel Hill, a few days ago, by Mr Samuel Bebigos, of Cambria borough.

—All the sweet things you need for the holidays can be bought very cheap at the confectionery establishment of E. C. Parrish.

—Whether in Ebensburg or Carrolltown you will seek bargains to find, A. A. Barker & Son are the merchants to keep always in stock.

—A splendid Christmas present for the young folks—a Smithography Outfit, which we give as a premium for subscription to this paper.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* wants money. Its delinquent subscribers are like a large country of our own it will be apt to keep rolling it.

—Zachariah Pool, aged ninety-eight years, died in Greensburg a few days ago. During a long life Pool was never disturbed by Doctor's visits.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register* is responsible for the assertion that Smith has dairies with 258. People whose cows have gone dry please take notice.

—John Baird accidentally shot himself in the arm on Saturday last, producing an ugly flesh wound, while hunting on the mountain near Kittanning Point.

—Roasted coffee only 20 cts. per pound at the great cheap cash store of A. A. Barker & Son, who sell everything else equally low for cash and cash only.

—Wherever you see Iron Works, Coal Mines &c., you will find the Long Cut Smoking Tobacco of W. & D. Rinehart, Pittsburgh, the most popular.

—Life is but short, but we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once and use an old reliable remedy in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—An immense stock of candies, nuts, fruits and canned fruits, sweetmeats, etc., of every description, just received at the little store of E. C. Parrish, on High street.

—Ask your grocer, or your merchant, for the Peerless Plug and Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco, manufactured by W. & D. Rinehart, Pittsburgh, best in the United States.

—Show me the man who has not used W. & D. Rinehart's Peerless Plug or Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco, and I'll show you one whose education has been sadly neglected.

—Old Kris Kringle Santa Claus has commissioned E. C. Parrish to act as his agent in the distribution of nuts, candies and other delicacies among the little folks of this vicinity.

—Ladies' and misses' furs and muffs and gents' fur collars, gloves and ruffs can be had very cheap for cash from E. C. Parrish, at his little store round the corner on Main street.

—Michael Gallagher, a former resident of Johnstown, plead guilty in Pittsburgh, on Monday, to a charge of larceny preferred against him, and was sent to the workhouse for one year.

—You needn't go to *fur*-eign parts, or even from home, to buy furs of any kind this season, as E. C. Parrish has just received a lot to be sold very cheap on commission. Call and examine them.

—Boots, shoes, clothing, dress goods, dry goods, groceries, and almost everything else desirable for the daily wants of man, woman or child, can be bought very cheap for cash from A. A. Barker & Son.

—Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance that Dr. Hoffman will be in Carrolltown to morrow (Saturday), fully prepared and equipped for a successful raid on decayed teeth and diseased gums.

—A lady whom the Hollidaysburg *Register* does not wish her name mentioned has given $500 as a thank offering to the President of the Permanent Exhibition, Philadelphia, for shutting up shop on Sundays.

—Parents cannot be too careful in guarding the health of their babies. Only a good reliable medicine should be given to them. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is known not to contain anything injurious. Price 25 cents.

—The concert on behalf of the Ebensburg Cornet Band, which was announced to take place on the evening of New Year's day has been postponed until Friday evening following, January 4th. Further particulars next week.

—We learn with sincere regret that our esteemed friend and patron, Mr. Wm. Ryan, of Loretto station, was badly injured by a fall from a horseback, while at work, on Tuesday last, on Tiley's coal bank, near that place. We have no particulars.

—Three of the four children of Deputy Sheriff H. A. Shoemaker, of this place, are sick, we regret to say, very seriously, though we hope not dangerously, afflicted with the scarlet fever, which of late has been quite prevalent in this vicinity.

—A Mr. Union, Huntingdon county, lad named Benj. Himes was accidentally shot in the face, on Thanksgiving day, by a young man named Robert Rodgers, and as a result of the shot took effect in one of his eyes it is feared that the sight has been destroyed.

—A fourteen-year old daughter of Mr. Thomas Harrold, residing near Youngwood station, Westmoreland county, was so terribly burned on Friday morning last by her clothes taking fire from a grate, that she died in great agony on Saturday afternoon.

—It is seventy-eight years to-day since the boy with the little hatchet, otherwise known as George Washington, also as the Father of his Country, and likewise as "first in war, first in peace," etc., paid the death of nature, he having died on the 14th of December, 1799.

—A little child of Dennis Gardner, of Osceola, was burned to death one day last week by its clothes taking fire during the temporary absence of its mother, who returned only to find the clothing of her darling entirely consumed and the body reduced to a blackened crisp.

—A grand shooting match for a splendid new rifle will come off in this vicinity on Saturday of next week, Dec. 22d, the proceeds from which are to be devoted to a good purpose in every way worthy of that generous aid of which it stands much in need. Sharp-shooters, please take notice.

—On Friday evening last a piece of iron accidentally slipped from the hand of one of the men employed on the roof of the new blooming mill of the C. I. Co. at Johnstown, and striking Edward Ott, who was ascending a ladder at the time, on the head, knocked him down and fractured his left leg at the ankle.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* understands that Dr. Andrew Yeagley, of that city, will be a candidate for County Treasurer before the next Democratic county convention. Well, the more the merrier, but if the Doctor gets a chance to turn his attention from physic to finances it will be because we can't help it between now and the convention.

—The Supreme Court of the State decided not a great while ago that when a party gives a note waiving the exemption clause he cannot claim the right to have his real estate appraised when seized by the Sheriff, and hence it is that several properties in this county have recently been knocked down at less than two-thirds of the appraised value.

—In Hollidaysburg, on Saturday last, Wm. Charles, ten years old, quarrelled with Wm. Lewis, a couple of years his senior, about the possession of a "shinney stick," and in order to simplify matters drew a pocket-knife and stabbed young Lewis in the left eye, cutting clear through the pupil and totally destroying the sight. No arrest reported.

—We note the fact with sympathizing sorrow that Brother James, of the *Herald*, is once more in the merciless grip of that relentless scourge, the quinsy, which of late seems to have given us a very welcome go by and turned its attention exclusively to our less fortunate neighbor, whose speedy escape from its terrible clutches we most earnestly hope for.

—Mr. David Mock, of Bell township, Clearfield county, is the owner of a young chicken of last Spring's brood which not only has a double body, craw, viscera and tail, but four legs and four feet, all of which are surmounted by a single head. This living manstrosity is doing well and has attained a size commensurate with its days. It must be admitted, however, that it is a Mock chicken for all that.

—We were troubled with a very annoying cold in the head a few days ago, caused by wet weather and a pair of leaky boots, but found almost immediate relief by going to A. A. Barker & Son's cheap cash store and buying a pair of Arctic overshoes, which we got at a very low figure. Nothing like them to prevent and even cure a bad cold. No cash, no remedy, however.

—Two tracts of land in Barr township, owned by Egedius Levi and containing 80 and 100 acres respectively, the sale of which was postponed from Monday previous, were sold by the Sheriff on last Monday afternoon to John E. Scanlan, Esq., who paid $555 for the first tract and $115 for the latter. A difference in the title is what caused such a great disparity in the price.

—J. Nixon Kinkead, son of H. Kinkead, Esq., of this place, who some weeks ago was appointed a clerk in the registered letter department of the Baltimore post-office, has just been promoted to the position of issuing clerk in the money order department of the same office. Mr. Kinkead's upward progress carries with it an increased salary, and his many friends hereabouts no doubt feel like congratulating him on his well deserved promotion.

—We noticed last week that an Express car had been broken open and robbed of a number of valuable packages between Blairsville Intersection and Altoona, and now have the satisfaction of announcing that a man named Seymour J. Hawk was arrested near Haley's station on Friday last and taken to Harrisburg on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. A number of articles identified as among the goods stolen were found in his possession.

—A young man named Wissinger, aged about sixteen years and living at Scalp Level, this county, was accidentally shot in the windpipe, on Friday last, by another party named Myers, the wound inflicted being a serious though not necessarily fatal one. The two had been on a hunting expedition together, and Myers' gun, which he was carrying at half cock, very naturally went off without giving any premonitions as to its intentions. Hence the accident.

—The Johnstown papers record the death at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Edward Lynch, at No. 2, in Washington township, on Sunday last, of Mrs. O'Keefe, relict of Timothy O'Keefe, deceased, aged about 75 years, but as Mr. Lynch resides in Summerhill township, and as the venerable lady was still living, though near death's door, on Sunday afternoon, the announcement of her demise would seem to be somewhat premature—more a matter of presumption than conviction.

—The wind blows high and the wind blows low in its wild career as we write, but it can't get down to the level, we know, at which, by day and by night, all kind of goods are sold for the cash and honesty alone is employed in inducing people to at once make a dash for that cheapest of stores, kept by Myers & Lloyd, where clothing, and dry goods, and groceries, and all that makes up a most elegant stock can be bought by those who at any time call with money about them, ready to "sock."

—Mr. Patrick Green, of Prospect borough, while on his way home on Tuesday evening last from work he had been employed in doing on the C. I. Co.'s railroad track on the south side of the Conemaugh river, and after he had crossed the bridge which spans that stream between Millville and Cambria boroughs, was struck by the "Cambria" engine and instantly killed, both of his legs being broken and other serious injuries inflicted upon him. The unfortunate man, who was aged about eighty years and quite deaf, leaves a wife, but no children.

—In pursuance of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, an election was held on Saturday last by the citizens of Washington township and a portion of Summerhill township on the question of the erection of a new township out of parts of Washington and Summerhill, which resulted in the casting of ninety-one votes for and nine against the proposed measure. That settles the question pretty definitely. We understand the new township is to be called Portage, with the county seat, so to speak, at the village of that name.

—A grand sacred concert is to be given at St. Augustine's church, St. Augustine, on Sunday evening, Dec. 30th, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to paying the debt on that edifice. We have not learned whether home or foreign talent is to be employed, nor do we know anything in regard to the programme, but under the auspices of the worthy pastor, Rev. F. X. McCarthy, who as a musical and literary connisseur has few superiors, we are sure that the entertainment will be first class in every respect. Further particulars next week.

—We learn from the Altoona *Tribune* that Mr. Jas. Harper, brother of Squire Harper, of Lloydsville, this county, made a narrow escape from instant death on Saturday last. He was working about an air hole at the mines, and fell down the shaft a distance of thirty feet. Here two cross-sticks intercepted his further descent, upon which he caught with one hand and held fast until rescued—his other hand being useless from dislocation of the shoulder. He was eventually drawn up to the top of the shaft. From where he caught upon the sticks to the bottom of the shaft is thirty feet.

—We fain would unravel the Riddle so queer, that with George on the stage doth seem to appear, but as the "M" is still missing, or at least is not in, the name as we read it looks almost as thin as the play-bill that tells us, in letters so black, that George has got up on his little "Hunchback," and as Sir Clifford, the bold, in the tightest of tights, has made his *debut* behind the footlights; yet it all may be true, and if not a sell or sham-ah! we should all go to "Phil" and see Riddle take in his dram-ah!

—Dress up for the holidays. Go to Jas. J. Murphy and dress up. Call at 109 Clinton street and dress up. Visit Star Clothing Hall and dress up. Slip down to Johnstown, enquire for Murphy's cheap clothing store, drop in, and then dress up. Take the boys along and dress them up too. Dress up all round. Money is well spent and not a little of it saved by dressing up at Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Store, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. Dress up in the rear and clothes up in front. Dress up, everybody!

—It is a wonder of the day, and yet af act o'er true, that heavy banks are washed away by too much "falling due;" and thus oftimes from honest hands is swept each dime and cent, which, as many a case then stands, had better far been spent in buying clothing cheap and good, of finest make and style, from Godfrey Wolff, who long has stood, with welcome word and smile, prepared to sell to those who call, what none can fail to prize, the best of suits for one and all, of every texture, shade and size. Store on Twelfth street, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa.

—The eleventh annual session of the Cambria County Teachers' Institute will convene in Johnstown on Monday, Dec. 24th, and close its sessions on Friday evening following. Teachers of both public and private schools, and those preparing themselves for the profession, are respectfully solicited to become members of the Institute, and all are cordially invited to attend. Excursion tickets will be sold at all railroad stations without exhibiting orders, and reduced rates for accommodation have been obtained at several hotels and private boarding houses in Johnstown.

—Dr. E. Donnelly, of Pittsburg, occupies about a column of Monday's *Dispatch* in telling what he knows about Brazil, where he resided for several years, and concludes by advising the Messrs. Collins to take no one to that country, white or black, who has not passed a thorough medical examination and been found fit for the venture, as he says that the climate of Madeira and Beni is very unhealthy, particularly in the rainy season, when fevers are prevalent and the unacclimated suffer severely. He also declares that a good supply of medical stores and a first class corps of physicians and surgeons are absolutely necessary. Don't want a posish, we presume.

—J. D. Hicks, Esq., of Tyrone, and H. H. Herr, Esq., of Altoona, two young and able members of the bar of Blair county, showed very plainly the kind of stuff they are made of as counsel for plaintiff in a case which came before our county court on Tuesday evening last, but in which, through no fault of his attorneys, their client was forced to take a nonsuit. Mr. Hicks was particularly happy in having the opportunity and possessing the peculiar knack of eliciting all the evidence that could be adduced in the case, and the way he popped the questions to the defendant very naturally led to the conclusion that he is about as sharp as they make 'em. Not many years hence, we venture to say, the people of Blair county, if not of the entire State, will have to look to the top of the legal ladder to find Mr. Hicks, who has the ability and determination to reach that altitude and stay there.

—One of the most amusing cases that has ever been on trial in this county, and perhaps the only one of the kind that has ever been before a jury anywhere, was that of "Kiper vs. Blum," which will be found briefly reported under the head of "Court Proceedings." The parties to the suit, both of whom are Germans, reside in Adams township, and the action was brought to recover $150 alleged to have been promised to the plaintiff for and in consideration of imparting to a son of the defendant a full and perfect knowledge of a certain art which shall here be nameless, but the existence of which is very frequently and painfully brought to the knowledge of horses, cattle and other domestic animals. During the trial spectators, jury, lawyers, and even the Court itself, were forced to "smile many a smole" loud and deep, the testimony, to say nothing of the questions and remarks of the counsel, J. P. Linton and J. H. Brown, Esqs., for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan for defendant, was for the most part so ludricious that few if any of the large crowd present could restrain their risibilities.

—Mr. J. H. Coogan, of Clearfield township, whose barn, tenement house and other outbuildings were destroyed by fire the latter part of September, had another experience of a similar nature between 5 and 6 o'clock on Sunday morning last, when a stable, erected for the temporary shelter of his stock, etc., until a new barn could be put up, was burned to the ground, with a small quantity of corn-fodder stored therein. A couple of horses, cows and other live stock were in the stable at the time, but as the fire was started in the mow instead of on or under the first floor, Mr. Coogan succeeded in getting the animals all out safely, though not until he himself had been considerably burned between the shoulders and one of the horses was slightly scorched. There was no insurance on the structure. The impression is very general among Mr. Coogan's neighbors that the party or parties who are thus wantonly destroying his property could be pointed out without any difficulty, but as that gentleman cannot be induced to believe what seems plain enough to every one else, the probabilities are that the burning will go on as long as there is anything to feed the flames, the dwelling house perhaps excepted.

—A correspondent in the northern part of the county writes us to say that we were mistaken in announcing two weeks ago that Barney Fogle, of Barr township, whose illicit stills were confiscated by revenue officers on the Monday previous, was not at home at the time the raid was made, the fact being that he was not only to the fore, but that the officers of the law had succeeded in putting the "jewelry" upon him. That they did not keep them on him, however, is equally true, but why they did not our correspondent does not pretend to say, though we learn from another source that it was because some of the lookers-on made fun of them for using such precautions when they were two to one in the contest. Be that as it may, as soon as the handcuffs were removed Barney, as our informant facetiously remarks, struck for higher wages, and that to how the milk came to be in the cocoanut, though the victimized minions of the law seem to have been too modest to mention it. The same correspondent assures us that if rumor be true there are no less than ten illicit stills in operation along the Susquehanna river, five of which are run by steam and the other five by water power. If this is thus, the question very naturally suggests itself, where are the detectives?

AN ELEGANT CHRISTMAS GIFT.—The time is now about at hand when old Santa Claus will be paying us his welcome visit, and already the hearts of the young folks all over the country are full of expectations and surmises as to what he will be bringing for them individually.

We hope we are not betraying confidence when we state that after a consultation with our old friend, we have effected such an arrangement with the Smithograph Manufacturing Co. that we now offer one of their Outfits, consisting of a Smithograph and a complete assortment of drawing materials, together with a year's subscription to our paper, for the sum of $2.50.

We can think of no more acceptable Christmas present than one of these elegant Instruments, and to avoid the rush and press of business in the approaching holiday season, orders should be sent in at once. This will give us time to have them all put up and ready for dispatch; but we shall not deliver them (unless desired to the contrary) until just before Christmas, so that they will reach their destinations at the proper time.

THE slippery season has come,
The sprawliest time of the year,
When the man who goes down on his—some-Thing, is sure to get up on his ear.

CRIMINALS SENTENCED.—On Monday night last Judge Dean imposed the following sentences on the several parties who, with a single exception, plead guilty in our county court last week of arson, burglary, larceny, bigamy and riot. On behalf of Mrs. Kyle, Wm. Vannett and David Huber appeals to the mercy of the Court were made by John Fenlon, Esq., and for young Goughenour and Austin Launtz like efforts were made by John P. Linton and Daniel McLaughlin, Esqs., respectively. We give the sentences in the order in which they were imposed, Judge Dean in the abundant goodness of his great heart taking occasion to impart to each of the culprits in his turn a few words of good counsel and kind admonition, which we trust they will not fail to cherish and profit by:

Franklin Goughenour, who plead guilty to eleven different indictments for burglary and larceny, was sentenced on five of them, his Honor suspending sentence as to the other six. For one of the five offenses to which he confessed, the prisoner was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution, and to serve for a term of two and a half years in the Western Penitentiary, while for the four remaining crimes the penalty imposed was $100 fine and two years' imprisonment on each indictment, or ten and a half years in all.

Austin Launtz, found guilty of riot in connection with the railroad troubles of last July, was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution and remain in the county jail for a term of three months.

Elizabeth Kyle, who plead guilty to the charge of bigamy, was sentenced to pay $100 fine and costs and to be imprisoned in the county jail for six months.

Wm. Vannatt, for a like crime confessed, was sentenced to pay a similar sum, with costs, and undergo imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for one year and three months.

David Huber, who plead guilty to an indictment for larceny, his offense being the stealing of ten chickens, was required to pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution and take up his abode in the county jail for the term of twenty days.

Henry Louier, charged with larceny on two counts, to both of which he plead guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution, and undergo solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with hard labor, for one year and six months.

George Townsend, guilty by his own admission of the crime of arson in setting fire to the stable of Mr. John Phillips, in Johnstown, received the same sentence that was imposed upon Goughenour—$500 fine, costs of prosecution, and ten years and a half in the penitentiary.

Samuel Ream, prosecutor in a case that was ignored by the Grand Jury at his expense, was remanded to prison until the costs against him are liquidated, which may be for aye, but is not apt to be forever.

During the time occupied in imposing the various sentences an almost death-like stillness pervaded the entire assemblage, and so far as we noticed not even a smile was indulged by any one except the two young men Townsend and Goughnour, who above all others should have been impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, but who, judging from the fact that they frequently whispered to each other and apparently found more in the proceedings to amuse than disheartem them, seemed to have little conception of the enormity of their offenses or the long imprisonment which awaits them, and which, if some fortuitous circumstance does not intervene to prevent, will deprive them of what should, and if honestly employed would, be the happiest days of their lives. When all was over, young Goughnour drew a cigar from his pocket, which he lit in the Court House, and securely handcuffed to two other companions in guilt, marched out with the air of a conqueror rather than the crushed spirit of a condemned criminal.

"D—N NICE WAY OF LANDING PASSENGERS."—The Altoona *Tribune* of Wednesday last relates the following adventure by flood and field of a well known citizen of this county, but as the gentleman referred to denies that portion of the soft impeachment which relates to the contents of certain bottles, we take the liberty of suppressing his name:

The other evening a citizen of Lilly's, named ——, took homeward passage on the Mail, laden with a bundle, a pail of oysters and some bottles. He had either a vague notion of the topography of the country in his own bailiwick, of the contents of the bottles so confused his ideas of home and distances that when the train reached Lilly's he did not know it. After the train had again proceeded on its way, he suddenly aroused to the fact that somebody had called out "Lilly's," and made for the car door. He was halted by the conductor, who said he would stop the train; but Mr. —— wouldn't put any more faith in conductors, and jumped off the platform of the moving car. Just beyond the station is a culvert spanning Benn's creek, and over this went the unfortunate man into several feet of water. The train was stopped and conductor Vick went to look for his late passenger. His attention was soon arrested by the shivering cry of "bring that light here; a man on my way from Lilly's landing passengers." The light was held so that he could see his way out, but the irate —— declared he wouldn't quit floundering in the water until he found his bottles and "sich." However, the water would not yield them up, and when he was informed that by going on to Conemaugh he might intercept his plunder, he came up out of the waters and sought his home, the wettest, both inside and out, if not the wisest man in Cambria county. And now he wants the P. R. R. company to pay for his foolishness by which he lost his property.

PROCEEDINGS OF COURT.—The second and last week of the present term of our county court, which is now drawing to a close, was from Monday at 11 o'clock until yesterday at noon engaged in disposing of the following business:

Samuel Horner vs. William J. McLaughlin—feigned issue. Surprise alleged by defendant and case continued until next term.

John Hipps and Uriah Lloyd vs. William H. Armstrong and Edward Blanchard—ejectment. Jury find for defendants the land described in the writ, to be released on payment of $5.625.

George Rex vs. F. A. Shoemaker—assumpsit. Court directs the plaintiff to become nonsuit.

A. J. Christy vs. Thomas McEnrue—feigned issue. Verdict for the defendant.

John Clark vs. Herman Baumer, Sheriff, Peter Garman and Daniel McNulty—trespass quare clausum fregit. Jury find for defendants.

J. A. Olmsted vs. John H. Homer—assumpsit. The plaintiff becomes nonsuit.

Jacob Kiper vs. Nicholas Blum—assumpsit. Jury find for the defendant.

Murphy & Moore vs. John Boes—appeal. Jury find for plaintiffs in the sum of $12, with interest from Oct. 12, 1876.

Mary Bendon and John C. Bendon vs. Joseph Treiber—action on trespass. This case has been before the courts for about twelve years, and this is the third or fourth time it has been up for trial. Jury and for plaintiff, one dollar damages.

Peter Stoltz vs. B. G. Williams—action on contract. Case on trial.

THE symptoms of worms in the intestinal canal and abdomen are, the parts bloated and swollen, and itching of the anus. This is indicative of small or thread worms, which are very painful and annoying to both children and adults. These worms have been expelled in very large quantities from children who were unable to sleep or enjoy life at times, because of the great annoyance caused by the worms. The Sweet Worm Powders never fail to help or permanently cure those who follow the directions.

The Powders are guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, and recommended by many of our best physicians in their practice.

The name, E. K. Thompson is blown in the glass vials. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale at wholesale by E. K. Thompson, Druggist and Chemist, Titusville, Pa., by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and by respectable druggists generally.

IMPORTANT TO HOTEL KEEPERS.—The postmaster general has written a letter with reference to letters delivered at hotels, in which he says:

"Under a uniform ruling of the postoffice department the right to forward letters by mail to a second destination without additional postage applies to such letters as have not left the custody of the postal officials. When a letter carrier calls at a hotel with letters for parties who have given the proprietor instructions to forward their mail to another address the proprietor should at once direct such letters and return them to the carrier, in which case they may be forwarded without additional charge, but if the carrier is allowed to leave them at the hotel, or if they are taken out of his presence, they are regarded as having been legally delivered and cannot be again mailed without prepayment of a due direct such letters and postage (three cents) by stamps affixed."

SALLY LUNN.—Take three pints of flour, one and a half measures of Banner Baking Powder, two teaspoonfuls of salt; mix thoroughly, and sift; then rub in one-half cup of cold butter, add two eggs, well beaten, and one pint cold sweet milk; bake in square or long pan; eat hot, with butter. Each can of Banner Baking Powder contains a measure, to use instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the Banner, and take no other.

STILL IN THE FIELD, AND THE BARS DOWN!

When You Visit Carrolltown,

Which you should do if for no other purpose than to secure big bargains at the

PEOPLE'S CHEAP CASH STORE!

BE SURE TO CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE ON

S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.,

WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

ELEGANT NEW GOODS FOR FALL SALES!

WHICH THEY HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK AND ARE NOW OFFERING AT

PRICES NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED!

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US:

We bought $10,000 worth of Goods for $5,000 cash from the stock of a Wholesale House in New York city which was closed out at Assignee's sale, and are determined to give the people a remedy for hard times by selling them Goods 35 per cent. cheaper than they have ever before or can now buy elsewhere.

CALL AND SEE OUR GOODS,

AND EXAMINE OUR PRICES,

As we have the largest assortment and greatest variety in the county, and are prepared to give BETTER BARGAINS than can be obtained at any other establishment.

S. TEITELBAUM & BROTHER,

Oct. 6, 1877.—3m. CARROLLTOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

SQUARE DEALING!

To secure the above give our

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE

A CALL BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

WE SELL THE BEST OF GOODS CHEAPER

than you can buy them in Altoona or Johnstown, and as we have the

LARGEST and HANDSOMEST STOCK

EVER BROUGHT TO NORTHERN CAMBRIA, WE CAN SUIT ALL PARTIES.

MAUCHER & WEAKLAN,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Store in Dr. MAUCHER'S New Building.

TEITELBAUM & BRO.—We need scarcely invite attention to the mammoth advertisement of this enterprising Carrolltown firm, as it is big enough to speak for itself, but it is well to note what they propose to do for their customers, as plainly and temptingly set forth in the following partial list of

WONDERFUL LOW PRICES.

Men's All-Wool Cassimere Suits	$8.00	and up.
" " Pants	2.25	" "
Boys' " Suits	4.00	" "
Men's Hats	60	" "
" Boots	2.00	" "
Women's Shoes	1.00	" "
Misses' "	50	" "
Woolen Blankets	1.50	per p'r.
Horse "	1.25	" "
Waterproof Cloth, 63 inches wide	65	" "
Cashmeres	35	per y'd.
Alpacas (all colors)	18	" "
Best Washington Prints	5	" "
Lancaster Ginghams	8	" "
Muslins (bleached and unbleached)	5	" "
Ticking for overalls	15	" "

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE,
Commencing this day, Dec. 7th, at
HUGUS & HACKE'S,
Fifth Ave. and Market St., Pittsburgh.

Unprecedented bargains will be offered in Dress Goods and Silks.

BONA FIDE REDUCTIONS on the following:
On all our elegant Silks, Black and Colored.
On all our Paris and Berlin Dress Novelties.
On all our Black and Colored Cashmeres.
On all our Medium and Cheap Dress Fabrics.
On our Lace Curtains.
On all our fine Carriage Robes.

This is a rare chance for those contemplating purchases for the Holidays, as we shall offer decided bargains in all the above mentioned goods.

HOW IT IS DONE.—The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second (good health) by using GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitua-Costiveness, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents.—Positively sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and by all first-class Druggists in the U. S.

A Rare Old Book.

"THE WILDERNESS, OR BRADDOCK'S TIMES," a thrilling historical story; 450 pages; newly bound in cloth; $1 50 by mail. Only a few copies. Address A. MATTHIAS, 67 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [12-14. 4t.]

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Croyle township, some time during the month of July, a BRINDLE HEIFER, supposed at that time to be about one year old, with the right ear cropped and a hole in the same. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs. JOHN KOREBAUGH.
Croyle Twp., Dec. 10, 1877.-3t.*

STRAY BULL.—Strayed from the premises of the owner in Susquehanna township, on or about the 15th of May last, a red bull, one year old in April, with white under the belly, a white ring round the tail near the end, and a few other white spots on body or face, or both. Any information leading to his recovery will be thankfully received and suitably rewarded by JOSEPH FARABAUGH.
December 7, 1877. 3t.

WANTED—12 GOOD HOOP SHAVERS, to whom employment can be given for 2 or 3 months. Will pay cash and guarantee payment. Apply at once to DUHL & Co., Box 20, Altoona, Pa., or at Duncansville, Blair county, Pa., by letter or in person.
December 7, 1877.-3t.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office with P. A. Shoemaker, Esq., on High st. All business pertaining to the profession promptly attended to, and collections made a specialty.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

Saturday, January 5th, 1878,
at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Milton Jones, Edwin Burkhart and Lemuel Jones, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, the north-west corner of the tract, in the line of John Buchannon; thence west, partly by tract in the name of Nathaniel Simpson and partly by tract in the name of Joseph Conn, west 192 perches, more or less, to a post; thence south 335 perches, more or less, to a post; thence south 65¾ degrees, east 204 perches, more or less, to the corner of the tract in the name of John Buchannan; thence north to the place of beginning—containing 457 acres and 76 perches, more or less. *Also*, another tract with the following description: Beginning at a post situated 56 perches west from the south-east corner of the said tract of land; thence north 18 degrees, west 10 perches, to a beech; thence north 39 degrees, west 20 perches, to a post; thence north 71 degrees, west 10 perches, to a birch; thence west 7 perches to a post; thence south 27 perches to a post; thence east 50 perches to the place of beginning—containing 8 acres, 146 perches, and allowance, more or less. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jane Jones.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 10, 1877.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1½ miles from East Tyrone, containing 25 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the 1st first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 238 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.
Nov. 28, 1877.-4y. Box 509, Altoona.

HOTEL PROPERTY AND FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms the well known Mountain House, two doors west of the Pa. R. R. depot in the borough of Gallitzin. This property is well situated and well designed as a hotel and boarding house, and any one wishing to secure a good bargain will find it here.

Also, will be sold on terms equally satisfactory to the purchaser, a FARM of 112 acres, nearly all cleared and with a comfortable HOUSE and BARN thereon erected.

For conditions of sale and other particulars call on or address MARGARET WHELAN,
Nov. 30, 1877. Gallitzin, Pa.

LORETTO PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms TWO LOTS OF GROUND, well improved, in Loretto borough, on which is erected a comfortable and desirable two story DWELLING HOUSE, 18x30 feet, with a good KITCHEN attached, as well as a substantial STABLE and other necessary outbuildings. There are also on the premises, which are located on St. Mary's street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a thriving Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of excellent water. For further information call on or address FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Esq., attorney in fact for PATRICK MEALLY.
Loretto, Oct. 12, 1877.-3m.

NOW JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

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All QUESTIONS

THE SPARTANS.

THE MOST STRANGELY GOVERNED OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Among the Spartans one kind of theft was encouraged, and even authorized by the law, and by the consent of the citizens; and this was their stealing herbs or roots from the gardens and public baths; but if they were caught in the act, they were punished for want of dexterity. The design of the Spartan legislator, in allowing this practice, was to inspire the Spartan youths, who were designed for war, with a view to self-defence, and to extent of dominion; wit, boldness, subtlety, and address; to inure them betimes to the life of a soldier; to teach them to live upon a little, and to be able to shift for themselves.

Corpulency incurred public contempt, and sometimes banishment. Magnificent sepulchres were forbidden; nor was the plainest, or most modest inscription permitted, except for such as was slain in battle, or for women who had devoted themselves to a religious life. Tears, sighs, and outcries were not permitted in public, because they dishonored Spartans, who ought to bear all things with equanimity. Graves were allowed in the city, and they buried close to the temples, that all people might be familiar with death, and not conceive it as a thing dreadful in itself, or that dead bodies defied the living.

Celibacy was regarded in men as infamous, and punished by various tokens of contempt. If a man did not marry when at full age, he was liable to an action; as those also were who married above or below themselves. Such as had three children had certain immunities, and those who had four were free from all taxes. Virgins were married without portions; and husbands were allowed to beat their wives. The men of Sparta were distinguished for their virtue, but the Spartan women for their boldness. Lycurgus would not allow all sorts of persons to travel, lest they should bring home foreign manners and return infected with the licentious customs of other countries.

A soldier was the only reputable profession in Sparta; a mechanic or husbandman was looked upon with contempt. A soldier was never to fly or to turn his back upon his enemies, however superior in number; or to quit his post; or to deliver up his arms; in a word, either to conquer or die. A Spartan mother, hearing that her son was killed in battle (fighting for his country), answered coldly:

"I brought him into world for no other purpose."

After forty years' service, a man was by law no longer required to go into the field; and consequently, if the military age was thirty years (for this was the period, it is supposed, at which they entered into the service of their country), the Spartans were not held invalids till they were seventy. A pretty period of life for a soldier to retire from the arduous career of a warrior, and to receive his half pay!

Drunkenness was considered infamous among them, and punished; and that young men might conceive the greater abhorrence of this species of debauchery, the slaves were compelled to drink to excess, that the beastliness of the vice might appear. When they retired from the public meals, they were not allowed any torches or lights, because it was expected that men who were perfectly sober should be able to find their way in the dark; besides, this practice gave them a facility of marching without light, a quality very useful to them in time of war.

As to dress, there was no distinction between the rich and poor. Their garments were made for use and not for show; and they were taught betimes to distinguish themselves by their virtues, rather than by their robes. Boys were always used to go without shoes, nor were they permitted to cut or trim their hair. Bankers were not allowed, and interest was also forbidden in the Spartan commonwealth.

A writer has observed with respect to Lycurgus, "That this legislator ordained that the magistrates should not be appointed by lot, but elected by suffrages. He deprived riches of the influence and respect annexed to them and divested even love of jealousy." It has likewise been observed, "That the main design of Lycurgus, in the establishment of his laws, and especially of that which prohibited the use of gold and silver, was to curb and restrain the ambition of his citizens, to disable them from making conquests, and in a manner to force them to confine themselves within the narrow bounds of their own country."

ASTHMA.—The following prescription was given me by Hon. E. B. French, of the treasury department: Iodide of potassium, two drams; tincture of lobelia, half an ounce; syrup of senega, two ounces; camphorated tincture of opium, half an ounce; water sufficient to make four ounces. A teaspoonful every half hour until relieved. The above cured Mr. French, and has, says the writer, been used successfully in my own family.

TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water, and applied daily with a soft brush, will preserve the teeth, extirpate all tartarous adhesion, arrest decay, and make the teeth pearly white.

A FEW drops of nitric acid in a glass of sweetened water, a couple of times daily, is said to be an excellent remedy for hoarseness in singers, speakers and readers.

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The Stores are all open to everybody, and this fact can be seen by looking.

Those who are not judges have an absolute safeguard in our guarantee, and the fact that they can get their money back if they choose to.

The clothing we offer is not made for "wholesale," but each article is finished for the wear of people whom we expect to serve from year to year.

OUR CLOTHING IS FASHIONABLY CUT, CAREFULLY MADE, THOROUGHLY SPONGED, MADE OF RELIABLE MATERIAL, MODERATELY PRICED, GOOD FOR THE LONG RUN, CAN BE TURNED BACK INTO MONEY IF THE BUYER DESIRES.

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IMMENSE LOTS

Boys' Suits. Men's Suits. Boys' Overcoats. Men's Overcoats.

A FEW PRICES ARE SUBMITTED:

Complete Man's Suit, - - - - $9
Better One, - - - - - $11
All-Wool Suit, - - - - - $12
Diagonal Suits, Double-Breasted Frock Style, Whole Suit, - $17 50
Sold elsewhere at $25.
Fine Suits of the Best Materials, $18, $20 to $33
Boys' Suits as low as - - - $2 50
Men's Overcoats, - - - - $8 to $30

$5 Saved! $5 Saved! $5 Saved! $